

The Ramakrishna Mission
Institute of Culture Library

Presented by
Dr. Baridbaran Mukerji

RMICL—8

6

12790

LOTUS LEAVES

OR

Poems chiefly on Ancient Indian subjects.

BY

H. C. DUTT.

Yes, while thou hopest, music fills the air,
While thou rememberest, life reclothes the clod ;
While thou canst feel the electric chain of prayer,
Breathe but a thought, and be a soul with God !

LYTTON.



CALCUTTA :

SONES AND CO, NO. 19, LOLL BAZAR.

1871.

KMIC LIBRARY	
✓ N.	12790
Class N.	821.8
	DUT
Date	
S. Card	✓
Class	✓
Set	✓
Rk. Card.	✓
Checked	ARR

TO MY CHILDREN

(SO FOND OF READING THE HISTORY OF INDIA.)

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK.

PREFACE.

We have many histories of India from so-called histories up to elaborate treatises, but no work embodying Indian historical incidents and characters and older traditions in a poetical form. Yet India is truly the land of romance and poetry, whether we direct our attention to the varied beauty and magnificence of its natural features, or to the wonderful incidents of its earliest and later annals. Where on the whole earth can be found a country displaying the sublime and the lovely as on a stage, and all the wealth of the frigid, the temperate, and the torrid zones, as in a bazaar? From the lofty Hymalayas crowned with eternal snows to the flat plains of Bengal waving with green crops, from Déra Gazee Khan to Trivandrum, the scenery is as varied as it is possible to imagine. Where again are such flowers as are to be seen in India? Where such fruits? Where such exuberance of foliage, where such rivers, quadrupeds, song-birds? Turning to its history we find in those gigantic epics the Rámáyána and Máhábharata such an inexhaustible mine of the romantic and poetical, and to its later history such stirring incidents, such ori-

PREFACE.

ental gorgeousness, such rapid rise and extinction of dynasties, such a marvellous development of the plans of Divine Providence, that neither the poet nor the romancer can be at a loss for subjects to write upon. The author of this little volume does not pretend to the gifts and qualifications which constitute either and can only hope that some one will do for Indian history what Lord Macaulay has done for the history of old Rome or Lockhart has done for ancient Spanish legends in his beautiful Ballads. All that he has attempted to do is to versify or put into metre certain passages in the history of India arranging them in chronological order, and as metrical compositions exercise a more powerful influence than prose, especially on the young, he trusts his labors will not be altogether without its uses. Waving therefore all claims to poetic excellence for these fugitive poems, it is no presumption to state that those marked "from the Sanscrit" though not all close translations have been written with as becoming reverence to the spirit and tone of the originals as their transfusion into a foreign tongue, and into some of the most approved metres of modern English Poetry would admit, and those marked "from Indian history" are genuine scenes and events

PREFACE.

as the notes appended will abundantly testify. It is in the meagreness of the author's powers and not in the meagreness of the subjects that the short-comings and defects of the work rest. The history of India appropriately divides itself into three distinct periods, the Hindoo period, the Muhammedan period, and the British period. The poems refer only to the two first. The British period, though replete with subjects, has not been touched upon at all, belonging as it does to times comparatively modern. That wonderful concatenation of events which led to the rise of the British power in India, which converted a factory in Surat into an empire mightier, vaster, than that over which the eagle of all-conquering Rome ever flew, is in itself a Romance : which justifies the observation that "truth is stranger than fiction." The abolition of cruel rites, the spread of education and enlightenment, the ushering in of a new era, as it were, in India's cycle of humanity, and one may say of its nationality, all through the divinely selected instrument of British power or domination, open wide fields for the display of genuine authorship. Up, up, up, in the regions of poesy and grateful song live the remembrances of such administrative measures as the abolition of the Suttee-rite and other barbari-

PREFACE.

ties sanctioned by India's debasing idolatry. How interesting again would be a novel penned with the free easy grace of the author of "Pelham" or the powerful touches of the authoress of "Jane Eyre," describing the experiences of the educated young Indian or the trials and hopes of the Convert brought out of darkness into light. But all this in due time and by men worthy of the task. We have never thought it beyond hope that under the benign British sway Indians will be able to frame and fashion a National Literature of their own, not in Hindustani, or Bengali, or Marhatti, or Tamil, or Telugu, or Urya, but in the English language. All the beautiful literature of America is of recent date. And though Indians do not exactly bear the same relationship as Americans (so-called) to the mother-country yet the time may come for her to boast that her fostering care has called out in the land of her adoption—poets, romancers, philosophers. There is hope for all this in the common Aryan origin of the people of England and India.



CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
The Magic Fawn	— 1
Mandodari	— 9
Jatayu	— 12
The Aerial journey of Rama and his Consort	15
The Bridal of Draupadee	— 20
Autumn	— 28
'Canva's Hermitage	— 32
The Tomb of Sultan Baber	— 36
Humaoon's Re-entry	— 38
The Death of Himu	— 40
Akbar's dying Charge	— 45.
Noor Mahil	— 47
Lodi	— 51
The Taj	— 54
Aurungzebe at his Father's Bier	— 56
The capture of Torna	— 59
Unseen Visitants	— 64
To my Boy ten years old fond of building baby-houses, reading the Bible	— 66
Fancy Pigeons	— 68
Those Cinnamon Trees	— 70
Sonnet	— 72
Sonnet	— 73
Sonnet	— 74

CONTENTS.

		<i>Page.</i>
Sonnet	—	— 75
Aerostics	—	— 76
To my Children	—	— 77
Roses	—	— 79
Lines	—	— 81
Ruins	—	— 82
Mucius Scævola	—	— 84
Night	—	— 86
The two Books	—	— 87
In my Daughter's Album	—	— 89
Child's Morning Hymn	—	— 90
Child's Evening Hymn	—	— 91
Hymns	—	— 92
Xmas	—	— 95

The Magic Fawn.

(From the Sanscrit.)

HEXAMETERS.

Far hid amid that wilderness of gloom the forest

Dandaka

Lay the lovely valley, lit up by the sun's golden
radiance,

Like beauty imprisoned in some sombreous castle
yet cheerful.

A river watered the valley and on its dallying
waves

White lotuses gleamed, half open, nectar-cups for
the wild swan,

And on the green margin with colors like those
of the rain-bow

Flowers spread their tender petals. The feathery
Acacia

And the red-blossomed Simaltree grew on the
higher undulations.

Like heroes guarding the vale stood the palms
in fitful clusters

Lit up at eve by innumerable troops of fire-flies.

The Baubool with gleaming fruits formed a stately
throne for the peacock

Who as the clouds rumbled spread his tail with
golden stars bestudded.

Bees and butterflies roamed here and there, and
afar in the distance

Shaded by plantain-leaves was the hut of the
exile brothers.

Tendrils of creepers hung from the eaves, and
often the song-birds

Came there to pour out their little souls in mellifluous music,

Or peck grains from the rosy palm of the beautiful Sita.

Thus stood that humble dwelling of joy in rural seclusion

Enclosed by the forest Dandaka with huge trees,
dark alleys,

Rank grass and moaning wind, the abode of the wicked Rakhasas.

One morn when birds were awake and singing, and
the slant sun-beams

Were drinking the liquid ambrosia that lay in the flower-bells

And the breezes of summer were beginning to play
on the green grass,

At the door of the hermitage stood that woman
of women

The beautiful Sita, happy in banishment thinking
perchance

Of by-gone days and Aoudhya, when lo ! from the
thicket

That bounded the landscape on one of its sides,
out-darted

A radiant fawn ! Its small horns of gold tipped
with diamond,

Eyes brighter than rubics and skin like the crystal
shining ;

Amethyst bells hung from a tie round its neck,
each bell-tongue a pearl,

And their tintinabulation was something so
exquisite

Something so like the music which she loved to
hear in her childhood.

That it charmed her whole being to joy ! To Rama
she hastens

And says "Get me my Rama this prize, I who
ne'er asked you for aught

Ask for this dear gazelle" ! Lakhshmana o'er-
heard and with sage counsel

Thus accosted the queen, "No fawn, dear Sita
can thus be arrayed

'Tis some Rakhsa disguised." But she would not
listen, and Rama

Loth to refuse his beloved, with quiver and bow
forth sallied;

"Guard," he said to Lakhshmana, "brother, guard
her while I am away,

I have nothing to fear e'en though it be the
king of Rakhasas.

To capture the fawn alive was Rama's aim but
it eluded

His coaxing and efforts, at length over the dew-
spangled grasses

He gave it full chase, and the beautiful crea-
ture ran panting

Now hither now thither with such desperato
bounds, at times hiding

Behind some furze-bush, then leaping o'er stream-
lets which gurgled

From the sides of the hills, till it reached the
dark forest Dandaka,

That he felt sure in his mind it was some
malevolent demon.

Onwards he followed it, as nothing could daunt
Invincible,

Nor shades which for ever lour nor trees which
for ever are wailing.

Then stringing his lordly bow the gift of the
sage Viswamitra

He from his bundle of white-feathered darts
selected the keenest

And discharged it a-main. The fawn fell with a
cry which resounded

Through those dim shades for leagues, a cry for
help in a voice like Rama's,

And Rama beheld at his feet the dying demon
Maritcha.

Thus even in death the wicked cease not from
treacherous devices.

With louder wailing now wailed the trees of
the forest Dandaka,

The sky scarcely seen through the old creaking
branches, was beclouded,

A raven which with prying eyes on the bloody
spot alighted

Flew back in a flutter, singing hoarsely the
demon's requiem,

The demon Maritcha slain by the death-fraught
arrow of Rama.

Meanwhile the cry had reached the ears of the
tender-hearted Sita

Who said "Hie thee, Lakhshmana, Rama calleth
for help;" but Lakhshmana

Well knew it was a cry to deceive, some plan,
some desperate attempt

To draw him out and thus leave his lovely
sister protector-less:

So he gave vent to his thoughts, "No beau-
tiful queen of Aoudhya,

No honored Sita, that is not Rama's voice, the
Invincible

Can ne'er need a protector, ne'er call for another's
assistance,

If I leave you alone I fear some evil of im-
port may happen,

My mind this morn is uneasy and full of direful
fore-bodings":

Wrathful, anxious, and with eyes swimming in
tears the other replied

"Think'st thou Lakhshmana that I can mistake
the voice of my lord, my husband,

Think'st thou I would request you to go without
weighty occasion,

Many thanks, young hero, I know not about
what you are dreaming,

Is it my hand when Rama is dead or the throne
of Aoudhya?

Lakhshmana looking up—his honor thus strangely
derided,

Said softly, "O woman-soul! unjust and unge-
nerous ever,

I go, but here I draw a strong line with the
point of my arrow,

Step not beyond it, it is a magic line, and will
guard you from ill."

With these words he left the hermitage in quest
of his brother

And Sita wept and mused, mused and wept at
the hut-threshold alone !

Now over the sky's stony pavement the red sun
was galloping

And the air and the earth the light of his
bright flag-roll reflected,

Sita still stood at the door, and on the scene
appeared another,

An old man clothed in rags creeping it seemed
that way to his homestead,

He approached leaning upon his staff and mum-
bling inaudibly

Then as his eyes met hers distinctly pronounced
the word "Alms."

Sita, ever anxious to help or soothe the poor
and afflicted,

Ran in and returned with a large measure of
rice in a basket

And offered it kindly, but the stranger who
was standing beyond

The line drawn by Lakhshmana drew not nearer,
but thus accosted,

"What boots it, fair ladye, to fear an old man
like me, a beggar,

A doubting heart and a willing hand are signs
of uncharity

Which a ladyc like thee should shun, am I a
beast of the forest

Or a leper that thus you should keep aloof ?
Nay, ladye I go

Without accepting your gift." At these words
Sita somewhat abashed

Stepped out of the magic line. On a sudden
the stranger vanished

And in his stead looming athwart the sun stood
the tall dark figure

Of the king of Rakhasas, Maritcha's friend, ten-
headed Ravan ;

Shrick after shriek burst from the affrighted Sita
as quick he hurled

Her into his car with wheels strong as thunder
drawn by Pisachas.

Mandodari.

(*From the Sanscrit.*)

It was a lofty palace-hall,
The pillars marble-white
Festooned with mimic flowers upheld
A dome of chrysolite.
High in the centre hung the orb'd moon,
At every niche stood silver trees
With leaves of curious mould,
And on the glittering boughs
Were birds of gold.
While here and there
Jets springing fell in star-showers,
A fragrance filled the air.
By some magic power those birds sang sweetly.
But the old grey sea
Breaking on coral-reefs and wafting spicy gales
Made meeter music for Mandodari.

Eyes down-dropt and pencilled with dark
brows,
Eyes in which shone the light of chastity,
Lips severe as beseem a queen,

And tresses flowing free
 Over the span-broad zone,
 These were thine, regal Mandodari !

For thee all seasons brought their dower,
 Spring its spray-wreath and opening flower,
 Summer its golden-rinded fruit,
 And mellow Autumn its rich treasure-store,
 For thee the deep gave shining shells
 Big with twin-pearls,
 For thee the mine was made to yield
 Its burning ore.

Queen of the monarch with ten crowns
 At whose name the immortals trembled !
 Thy soul-full eyes, thy ambrosial smile
 Could the tyrant's heart beguile
 And subdue his frowns.

Yet fearful that he may not yield
 Thou didst devise that royal game
 In which a battle strong is fought
 Upon a mimic battle-field. *

Queen of the monarch with ten crowns
 Queen but not happy !
 Not thus were spent thy childhood's days
 At thy royal father's home,

* Mandodari, Ravan's queen, is said to have invented the game of chess.

For there in maiden-freedom thou didst roam
 O'er field and lawn and sun-lit ways ;
 Fed with the honey culled by yellow bees
 From the forest's flowering trees,
 And resting on beds of cedar-down,
 The apple of thy mother's eye,
 Thou worship'dst the white form of virgin-purity.

But ah ! the change, I see thee stand
 At the gorgeous palace-window
 Thy sad brow resting on thy hand
 Mandodari !
 Think'st thou of those bright days for ever
 gone
 Of thy false lord or of thy warrior son
 Mandodari ?
 Or think'st thou of thine own tender mother
 So loving who was to thee,
 Or listless watchest tumbling foam-balls,
 Gazing on the sea ?
 Never fell on queen or maiden,
 Though this earth is sorrow-laden,
 Such sad destiny !

Jatayu.

(*From the Sanscrit.*)

High upon his rocky eyrie
Sat Jatayu, royal bird !
On the tree-tops of the forest
Not a breeze the leaflets stirred ;
But the sun with lingering radiance
Gilded that broad sea of green,
And the shadows of the mountains
Slept like giant-forms between.

Gazing still and idly gazing
On the fiery sun-set's glow
Sate he, thinking of some on-slaught
In elk-haunted glades below,
Or of mounting on swift pinions
Higher up the ether blue,
Till the earth is dim and speck-like
And heaven's portals start to view.

Hark ! what distant sound of wailing
Rings across the leaden sky,
On the air a whirling chariot
Drawn by fiery horses fly.

King Jatayu saw and knew it,
 Clapped his wings and raised his crown ;
 From his proud throne on the mountain
 Like dark thunder swooped a-down.

First he swooped upon the horses
 Left them gasping on the plain,
 Then the monster's heavy javelins
 Fell as thick as hail or rain ;
 Nothing daunted, wildly wheeling
 Near the spot where Ravan stood,
 Dashed his chariot into fragments,
 Rolling fragments marked with blood.

Two black wings from earth uprising
 Carried Ravan on his way,
 But the vulture-King pursues him
 Set to fight the desp'rate fray.
 "Save me, save me, good Jatayu,"
 Sita, best of women, cried,
 As with firmer grasp the Demon
 Held her by the hair in pride.

Now with beak and claws assailing
 Ravan's twenty eyes he gored,
 Who in anger fiercely yelling
 Drew at once his magic sword.
 Thrice three times the flashing weapon
 Missed its ill-directed aim,

Then upon Jatayu's pinion
Fell as falls the lightning-flame.

Like a soldier slain in battle
Lies Jatayu on the strand,
From his throat the red blood welling
Mixes with the 'glinting' sand ;
And the death-film slowly gathers
In his bright, sun-loving eyes,
As he lived a mountain-hero
So a hero's death he dies !

The Aerial Journey of Rama and his Consort.

(From the Sanscrit.)

High into air the heavenly chariot rose ;
(Bearing within that doubly precious freight
Ayoudha's king and queen;) at intervals
It hung beneath some cloud from which the
light

Fell in long spikes upon its rounded top
Or glanced upon the silver bells that made
Incessant music ; but at other times
Fast it sailed, sun-clad, clearing league on
league,

Like some strong bird that sails with wings
outspread.

As they passed o'er the borders of the sea
Rama addressed his tender-hearted spouse,

"Mark love, the sea slow opens to the view
Its dark waves decked with foam. The roseate
sky

Is pictured in those depths where once of old
The sage Kapila from our fathers hid
The Sacrificial Steed of prowess rare ;

The sun with beams of power drinks its salt waves,

And on the eve primeval, rose the moon From its fair surface. Gems of every hue Illume its secret caves and grow with time. A limitless expanse ! Meand'ring rills Like maidens coy in varied vestments clad Are by its waters courted and embraced ; Amid the foam-flakes float and disappear Serpents with jewelled crowns and sparkling scales,

And that huge beast, the monarch of the sea, High on the air throws up a sheeny shower. Upon the shore the sands are strown with pearls And white as white can be. The wanton breeze, Which, as we veer, blows full upon your face, Bears on its wings the breath and dust of flowers

On corals rocks that blow. A column dense Of multiplying clouds invests the eastern sky, And as Mount Mandar glowed when the leagued gods

With it the ocean churned, so glows the mass Lit by the radiance of departing day.

Lo ! On the dim horizon's farthest vergo The tall *tamalas* to the eye appear Like weeds of stunted growth, and yonder range Of slender betel-nuts, a border rare.

All behind, seems following our bright car,
And when you stretch your fair hand to the
clouds

The lightning decks it like some ornament :—
The pious hermits of Yanasthana
New huts are building. Here it was I found
(When mad in quest of you) a priceless trea-
sure,

String'd jewels of your feet, dropped in your
haste.

Those trees with their green arms and green-
er leaves

Did direct my way, and with lifted eyes
You browsing antelopes partook my grief.
Mark there, the summit of Maleaban mount
Sky-piercing, rock on rock of adamant ;
While passing by its base, so sweet the scent
Kudamba flowers exhaled, and so plaintive
Was the peacock's cry, and so musical
The voice of clouds resounding from its caves,
Absence from thee was more than ever felt.
On the adjoining lake I saw the swans
Pass lotus-leaves from bill to bill, and clasped
The young *asoke* that overhung its steeps
Loaded with flowers, meet emblem of thy
beauty.

As pass we on, the car's silvery bells
Put yonder line of storks upon the wing ;
And here, O 'dainty-waisted' ! is the grove

Half of whose trees were watered by your hands.

The wild stags in its shades are gazing up.
Here on Godavery's flower-enamelled banks
Of old I rested, on your lap my head,
When tired of chasing the quick-bounding roe ;
The time comes back as it were yesterday !
Here dwells the sage anstere, Agastya named,
Who in the height of blazing summer's heat
Amid four flaming fires abstracted prays ;
And there another of a different mind
Whose life luxurious is a round of joys ;
Yon pleasure-dome hemmed in by waters clear
And glistening through embowering leaves, is
his,

In its bright halls the flower-crowned *apsaras*
Or lead the merry dance or sing sweet songs.
Hark even now at intervals I hear
Such soul-subduing strains from pipe and lute.
And dulcimer as ne'er I heard before.
Now is the lofty peak of Cheetrakute
Dimly descried. From it serenely flows
Mandakni, queen of rills, and like a string
Of pearls adorns the landscape clothed in
green.

Far, far, in front behold bright steps of light
Our journey's end, and at their base the
troops
Of plumed soldiers that attend with flags

Emblazoned, fluttering in the wind, and shields
Of gold, and gleaming spears, and instruments
Of martial music, to receive their king.
Surrounded by his ministers of state
A hero with a hero's form and mien
There stands the regent, my loving brother,
Impatient to give back the crown he wears.
Under the youth's just sway the kingdom rests
In peace, the subjects are as happy
As ever those of wisest lord that ruled."

The Bridal of Draupadee.

PART I.

(*From the Sanscrit.*)

The moon shines faint, the stars are few
That deck Yamuna's waves of blue,
The wild kokil has ceased to sing,
Hushed is the bee's soft murmuring,
The breeze that sighs around the bowers
Bears on its wings the breath of flowers
That sleep beneath the pale moon-beam,
And stirs no ripplet in the stream.
And naught disturbs, nor voice, nor sound,
The silence sad that reigns around.
The maidens of Vrij no longer play
'Neath the brown shade of creepers gay,
No longer is heard their song so sweet,
Nor the musical tread of their glancing feet,
Nor the lute of the god whose vestments shine
With the choicest stores of the brook and mine,
Whose locks with peacock-plumes are crowned,
Whose wrists with rings of gold are bound,
Whose dark-blue throat bright gems illume
Like stars that gleam through evening's gloom.
He is gone from the bowers of pleasure and love

To the Great Indra's emerald realms above,
 For the lord of the sky implores his aid
 To prosper the love of a dark-browed maid.

The bridal hall was hung with flowers
 Culled from Panchala's lakes and bowers,
 There, lotuses in rich array
 In garlands hung—like stars of day,
 The *champac* in its golden bloom
 Shone, and exhaled a rich perfume,
 The sunflower with its circling beams
 Recalled the lover's noon-tide dreams,
 Nor were there wanting those fair gems
 The modest pride of other stems,
Kadamba 'neath whose checkered shade
 The amorous Krishna danced and played,
 And *vakul* prince of flowering trees
 Home of sweet-warbling birds and bees,
 And *bela* with its buds of white
 Like manna-showers in vases bright,
Asoka too whose tender shoot
 Blossoms when touched by maiden's foot,
 With these, and more, that princely hall
 Was ready dight to welcome all.
 Sounded the conch-shell—and the bride
 With two fair maidens at her side,
 Now sallied forth, in jewel's sheen,
 At once, of Love and Beauty queen!
 Dark are her locks and dark ~~her eyes~~

A virgin daughter of the skies !
 Her lips are redder than coral can be,
 Her form more soft than the Simal tree,
 And Oh ! when she moves 'tis with greater grac
 Than the gliding swan on the still tank's face.

The youthful princes hied amain
 O'er upland height, far-stretching plain,
 Each from his mansion and domain.
 Again the conch-shell gaily sounds !
 A league's length from the palace-bounds
 The Target-fish hung high in air
 Suspended from two pillars fair.
 And on each side the dais was spread
 Sashes and shawls hung overhead
 For awning, the empurpled light
 Mocked many fluttering streamers white.
 The citizens in groups advance
 Armed with sword, javelin, or lance,
 The trumpets speak and horses prance.
 Maskers and mimics too are there
 In motley dresses quaint and rare,
 And minstrel-bards, and women's eyes
 Watching who wins the lovely prize,
 And wrestlers famous in the ring
 To shew their feats before the king,
 And children shouting as one falls,
 And gew-gaw sellers in their stalls,
 And dancers in their beauty's pride
 And knots of gypsies, eager-eyed !

Anon, as music swells the breeze,
Forth issuing from a screen of trees
The royal train appears—the sun
Its jocund course had nearly run,
Its last faint rays of crimson hue
Glanced on those spears and caftans blue,
And cloth of gold, and pennons high,
And all that glorious company !
On moved the pageant, clearer still
The trumpet-echoes from yon hill,
The drums resound, the chargers neigh
As if to meet a coming fray,
And elephants in trappings red
By touch of steel-goad on the head
Are guided, on each back of power
A jewelled room as lady's bower ;
Who now can fitly paint or say
The glories of that bridal day ?
All souls seemed happy—happiest he
Who wins the far-famed Draupadee !

PART II.

As one by one the princes try
The appointed feat of archery
To prove their skill—the crowds huzza
And nearer in a circle draw,
But all their rising zest expire
At ill success—they flag, retire.
Each suitor with his head bent low
Eyes resting on the vase below
Of limpid water picturing bright
The Target-fish (which danced in light)
Must send through five concentric rings
An arrow quivering on its wings
Straight to its destined goal. But, lo !
Some even fail to bend the bow,
So hard the wood, so tough the string,
The archer to the ground they fling,
Thus bravely wrought by king's command
To try the noblest of the land.

From proud Hastina's royal tower
Where Dhritarashtra reigned in power
His hundred sons had hastened, men
Whose like we ne'er shall see again,

(From swart Duryodhun, eldest-born,
 To faces young and fair as morn,) With beating heart each bent the bow,
 Whose the bride-prize none yet may know But as each prince in turn did fail,
 The crowds began to smile and rail,
 And Drona inly groaned with rage,
 Drona, the warrior and the sage,
 Whose darts, they say, were wing'd with flame,
 Ne'er swerved aside, ne'er missed their aim
 And at whose famous martial-school
 Those youths had learnt by book and rule.
 But where amid that throng is he
 The pride of India's chivalry ?
 The envy of Hastina's lord,
 Matchless alike with bow or sword,
 The soldier tried, the lover true,
 Sure love for love was but his due,
 The favored of the gods, and blest,
 Why is he not among the rest ?
 In Brahmin's guise young Arjun stands
 Amid the pressing soldier-bands.
 With modest mien the bow he took,
 The maidens whispered, others shook
 Their heads, as much to say, restrain
 Young man thy daring, 'tis in vain.
 With one thought to the gods above

Another on his ladye-love
 He strung the bow, and the suspense
 And silence were in truth intense,
 The arrow hurtled in the sky
 And struck the Fish triumphantly,
 The image in the waters clear
 Seemed rent in twain to standers near.
 And forthwith in a fragrant shower
 From Indra's heaven fell bud and flower.

Now sound the bridal-note with glee
 For Arjun's wife is Draupadee !
 Let silver-fife and rolling drum
 Keep pace with the increasing hum
 Of men and women, on the air
 Which seemed a roseate tint to bear ;
 For Indra had so touched the light
 That it became both red and bright :
 From his own heaven he sent a ray
 At evening, on that gala-day.
 But soon confusion filled the scene
 And battle stained the bridal-green,
 The Kuru princes sought a fray,
 With armèd men they lined the way,
 And glittering spears told every one
 Of fight for her who had been won.
 Duryodhun led the first fierce band,
 The other owned Kurna's command,
 A valiant leader true and tried,

To Dhritarashtra's cause allied.
 What were the brothers now to do
 Their hands unarmed, their men so few ?
 Arjun snatched up and strung the bow,
 To Kurna sent a cleaving blow,
 And Bhima tearing up a tree
 Whirled round his head as fierce and free ;
 Their followers few like lions fought
 And turned the opposing lines to naught :
 The favor of the gods on high
 Secured a signal victory.

Again in Gokul's spicy grove
 Breeze, bird, and bee in gladness rove,
 And at the soft approach of Spring
 The trees and plants are blossoming.
 Again upon the emerald green
 Is heard the lute, the dance is seen
 Again Yamuna's waves of blue
 Are rippling in the moonlight new
 Which shining brightly seems to say
 To jocund hearts, keep holiday
 For Krishna from the realms above
 Hath hied back to his bowers of love.

A u t u m n.

(*From the Sanscrit.*)

In garbs of white and decked with flowers
Fair Autumn comes to bless our bowers,
Moves she with unstudied grace,
Mellow lustre on her face,
Along her path flowers spring and bloom
And load the air with rich perfume,
And songs of birds seem music sweet
From rings gem-set that bind her feet.

Gently flow the maiden streams
'Neath the moon's unshaded beams,
And fishes glancing in the light
Make the wavelets yet more bright,
Upon their trembling water's now
Lotuses in numbers blow,
And like white garlands hung on air
The herons deck their bosoms fair.
No clouds are on the vasty sky
Save its own robes of royalty,
Which here are wrought with living gold,
And there, white tints and streaks unfold,

The dimpling rills, earth, air, and sky,
Raise youthful hearts to ecstasy.

O'er the broad plain and on the hill
Night's dusky gleam is lingering still,
And the wind with dew-drops laden
Pains and grieves the love-lorn maiden,
While from lotus' cups it brings
Fragrance on its downy wings.

- *The landscape brightens ! And the sun
His reign of glory hath begun,
And night's shades before him yield.
The ploughman drives his team a-field.
The tracks are soft and ripe the corn
Waving in the light of morn
Like plumes of gold ; sheep and kine
By hedgerows on the grass recline,
- *The soft and dallying Autumn breeze
Shakes the blossom-laden trees,
And in the sunbeam warm and brown
Bees are murmuring o'er the down
Bearing on their thighs the treasure
For their hive, and full of pleasure.
No lightning breaks, no rain-bow fair
Spans the spacious dome of air,
The peacocks and peahens no more
Gaze upon the sky's wide floor

In silent sorrow, but display
 Their plumage to the lord of day.
 Bounds o'er the lawn the nimble deer
 And birds are warbling sweet and clear.

Maidens ! Nature hath surpassed ye ;
 No face can with the lotus vie,
 No eyes so beautcous can be found
 As the blue flowers that bloom around,
 No brows though dark and bended well,
 Can the ripples small excel,
 Nor can ye without shame compare
 With creepers bright the vests ye wear.

12,790

Upon the margin of the lake
 Whose pellucid waters make
 A mirror for the bending sky,
 Herons and storks watch patiently ;
 Young swans sail down all silver-white
 Their feathers glancing in the light.
 The round horizon's mingling blue
 Is bluest now and charms the view ;
 And rill and cloudlets, lake and sky,
 Have each attractions for the eye.

Mark in the cool sequestered shade
 Of yon wild and archèd glade
 The damsel band ! fair they seem

Like bright spirits of a dream,
To deck their raven tresses, see
They pluck the full-blown *málati*,
Their looking-glass the lake serene,
Their couch the flower-enamelled green.

When all around seem bright and glad
Why is the way-worn pilgrim sad ?
The wanton breeze, the flowering grove,
Remind him of his absent love ;
The mellowed moonshine for a while
Brought back her own bewitching smile ;
And now as shines the Autumn sun
On crimson flowers, the lips that won
His heart, when life a round of joys did seem
Appear as in a transient dream ;
And the dark eyes he loves so well
Cast o'er his soul a magic spell !

Canva's Hermitage.

(*From the Sanscrit.*)

It was a spot which Nature deigned to bless
With the cerulean hues of her own loveliness,
Sunfleckered vistas opening into glades
That gently lost themselves in denser shades,
Wild and luxuriant in their summer prime,
Laden with the rich treasures of the time.
Rocks tinted blue upreared their summits high
Afar, commingling with the bluer sky,
And bursting from its source upon those hills
Flowed broad and clear, Malini, queen of rills,
On its sloped bank was seen at dusk or dawn
The “bird of hundred dyes,” the timid fawn,
Here opening flowers in colors bright arrayed
With *cusa* grass a varied carpet made,
And there the tendrils of the Madhavi
Half hid the old stem of a banian-tree,
Forming a fairy bower ! At the rain-falls
Safe housed therein the *chacrvaca* calls.

On the east side the lowly hermitage
Of Canva stood, the venerable sage,
Constant in worship as well rites austere,

In all his speech and all his acts sincere,
 He sought from fleshly bondage full release,
 Dwelling apart, yet with the world at peace ;
 Well versed in spells, his power the wood-nymphs
 owned,

Obeyed his mandates as of king enthroned.
 Curling the smoke from sacred fires oft flew
 While on the lawn the sun its hot rays threw,
 And oft at morn or eve the groves among
 The holy chant rose with the wild-bird's song,
 •Oft on the waters of the Malini
 Were garlands gay and bilwa-leaves flung free
 By pupils of the sage as offering,
 As humble tribute to creation's King.

A single star is shining in the sky
 Its beams sport with the waves most lovingly,
 And in that tender hour, that light serene,
 Watering the plants three female forms are seen—
 What are they ? And is such rare beauty given—
 Children of earth or *apsaris* of heaven ?
 Nymph-like they move and tend—the flowerets
 new

Receive the liquid life and weep adieu,
 Peeping at those fair damsels as they go
 Their raven tresses and their breasts of snow.
 Now wakes to life the gentle southern breeze

Wafting rich odors from the sandal-trees,
And the *nagacessar's* fragrant dust is strewn
Upon each maiden's maiden-veil and zone,
And the round moon upon the water glows,
And lotus-chalices begin to close,
Each with due care plucks from the adjoining
bower
For ornament a sweet *sirisha* flower,
And in loved converse all their thoughts engage
Slowly returning to the hermitage.

The Tomb of Sultan Baber.

(*From Indian History.*)

Not with a dirgelike moan
But with clear-ringing tone
Near Baber's tomb the sparkling river flows,
Nor weeping willows wave
Over the hero's grave,
But in a row the flushed pomegranate glows.

Gaily at morning's prime
Or close of bright day-time
On the gold fruits the golden sunshine falls,
And in 'full-throated ease'
Now chiding, now to please,
To his loved mate the cooing cushat calls.

There youths and damsels gay
Keep blythesome holiday,
A trysting place for lovers and their vows,
There tender words are breathed
And wild-flower chaplets wreathed
To deck with their white shine fair maiden
brows.

His name inspires not fears
 As when with glittering spears
 Ten thousand horsemen over India swept,
 Like whirlwind from the North,
 Riding in fury forth
 And blood flowed free, and maids and matrons
 wept.

But as in happier hour
 When lute and lay had power
 And red wine flowed from goblets gem-enchased,
 And dancers all around
 Moved to the timbrel's sound
 And jocund companies his rich tents graced,

So under the blue sky,
 That glorious canopy,
 Around his tomb his people love to sing,
 What time on earth and air.
 In rain-bow colors fair
 Bursts the rich radiance of departing Spring.

Flow, regal river, flow,
 And let no sound of woe
 Disturb the spot where lies the conqueror proud,
 But let the wind and wave
 Sing love-songs to the brave
 And from the groves a full choir chant aloud

Immortal love and joy !
None may your power destroy
Though mortal bodies mingle with the dust,
Though Time's Lethean stream
Bedim the lance's gleam
And on the wall the warrior's sword is rust.

And shower balm-dews ye stars !
The trumpet-call of wars
Breaks not great Baber's trance serene and
sweet,
Let peace from the pure skies
And heavenly harmonies
And earth's rejoicings still his spirit greet.

Humaoon's Re-Entry.

(*From Indian History.*)

Not as he fled at dead of night alone
Across the desert-sands, a fugitive,
The silent stars gleaming on bloody vest
And tiar, and beckoning horse and man
To mountain fastnesses and solitudes,
But once more 'the king' in right royal style
He came, the city-gates stood decked with flowers
And open welcoming the gay cortege,
The streets were crowded with a motley throng
Who soon made way to honor him again,
Merrily the trumpets sounded, the house-tops
Crowded with lovely women, and children
In holiday attire, loud echoed back
The wild fanfare. Many a gilded barge
Floating in sunset glories on the stream
With rowers clad in purple chanting songs
Dipped low salutes as the long oars were plied.
With flower-enwoven mane a milkwhite steed
Bore the loved monarch, while his mounted
guard
Gallant and gay whose swords were sheathed

No more to see the light, behind him came.
Huge elephants with towers upon their backs,
Camels with odorous loads, and rattling cars,
And cloth of gold, and pennons fluttering,
Made up the complement of that bright scene
As he alighted one long shout arose
'So the good triumph and the wicked fail'.
Then in the palace hall the feast was spread,
And plates of gold shone like so many suns
With blushing fruits and choicest viands
crowned,
And goblets gleamed with daintiest Shiraz-wine.
Before the guests partook the monarch spoke,
It was a simple and unstudied speech,
'The stars which rule a being's destiny
May set to rise again, fifteen long years
Of exile past I come, you love me friends,
Nothing strange because I feel *I* love *you* ?'

The Death of Yimū.

(From Indian History.)

In war array the elephants and mettled
courisers stand,

The red sun gilds their trappings rare and
lights the waste of sand.

A thousand pennons laced with gold, like
meteors wildly play,
And evermore the trumpet-peal proclaims the
comming fray.

The mounted soldiers in the van, the foot-
guards in the rear,

On either flank the archers and many brist-
ling spear,

And girt by twice two hundred blades is seen
the blazing car

Of him the leader of the host, amid the ranks
afar.

His form is lithe, his stature tall, his bear-
ing proud and bold,

His turban is of twisted steel, his arms in-
wrought with gold,

A girdle round his slender waist, a jewelled
dirk he wears,
And in his hand with grasp of power, a naked sword he bears.

“Now sound the drums—they come—they come,
—I hear a mingled roar
As when the storm-fiend heaves the sea and
waves dash on the shore,
Unsheathe your sabres all at once, then rush into
the fray,
And let the Moslem cowards rue the dawn-
ing of this day.

The dust-cloud screens the bannered files, I
see their crescents gleam,
A long array of burnished shields flash back
the morning’s beam ;
Form columns, form ! in torrents pour upon
the thirsty sod
The dread libation to appease your God, your
father’s God.”

A hundred drums at once beat high, at once their
swords they drew,
But wildly from the Moslems rose the well-
known “Alla-hu,”

And cannons dealt destruction round, as with
a loud acclaim

The hostile ranks in conflict met, mid smoke
and din and flame.

The mounted troops of brave Himu in wilder-
ing terror fly,

For lo ! a hurtling shaft had pierced the gal-
lant chieftain's eye,

Senseless and bleeding for a space he lies
upon the ground,

Then mounts in haste a noble barb, and bids
his trumpets sound.

He bids his trumpets sound once more, his
standards shine on high,

Once more with voice of thunder shouts for
death or victory,

Draws out the bloody dart and eye and hies
with lightning speed

From rank to rank, his white plume shines
where'er his troops recede.

The charging lines before the foe retreat in
wild dismay,

And now they burst upon his flanks, his
bravest bands give way,

And Kulli with three thousand horse has
hemmed him in a ring,

"Chains for the traitor ho" ! he cries " who dares insult the king."

Bound hand and foot with chains of steel
they led him from the field,
Gloom loured upon his manly brow, his grief
no tear revealed,
Bereft of dagger and of sword, his long locks
stiff with gore,
Proudly he stood before the king, with his red
wounds all before.

Fierce Kulli, captain of the guards, spake out
in accents loud,
"Now monarch, slay with thine own hand
Himu the bold and proud ;"
The king unsheathed his jewelled blade, and
to the throng's surprise
He gently touched the captive's head, and
tears burst from his eyes.

"Shame on thy ill-timed clemency" the captain-general said,
"Shame on the heart that shrinks to strike the
false false traitor dead,"
And e'er the king could stay his arm or speak
a single word,

He, from the royal hand had wrenched that
keen and flashing sword,

Right soon he dealt the deathful blow, the
head was sundered sheer,

Then smiled a ghastly smile of joy and fixed
it on his spear,

And shouts for this most bloody deed resounded
to the sky,

And many a piercing fife proclaimed the glo-
rious victory.

Akbar's Dying Charge.

(*From Indian History.*)

This is no time to weep, my son,
By weeping you do wrong,
But bear thee up right manfully
And in God's love be strong.

Lovely and large thy heritage,
As lovely as a bride,
To keep her still thine own gird on
That bright sword by thy side.

See now it hangs on yonder wall
(For powerless is the hand
That wielded it in hunt or fray)
My own, my noble brand.

Read what is writ on the either side
And write it in your breast,
Those characters of gold shine clear
'The merciful are blest.'

Upon the jewelled hilt or haft
The diamond-sparks bespeak

The grasp around it must be pure
Though not infirm or weak.

At honor's beck, in kingdom's cause,
Like lightning let it fall,
With power avenge the oppressed and wronge
And justly rule o'er all.

The blood-stains on the polished steel
At mercy's fount make clean,
And may thy battle-fields right soon
With waving crops be green.

In all the triumphs, all the joys
Which thy good angel brings,
Forget not to give glory, son,
To God the King of kings.

His blessing crave, his grace implore,
Alike in weal and woe,
Long be thy reign in this fair land,—
I go where all things go.

Noon Mahil.

(*From Indian History.*)

"O let me see my noble lord and let me
 clasp once more
The hand that set this seal of death and
 kiss it o'er and o'er,
No fickle love is his I know that changeth
 with the day,
A love as strong as rooted rock that steadfast
 is alway, .
It cannot be that noble he should thus demand the life
Of one he wooed to be his own while yet another's wife,
"Tis false Mohabet with his wiles has forged the Emperor's name,
Is burning in his thirst for blood to do a deed of shame."

Thus spake she to the messenger as shone
 the morning sun
On' the white canvas of the tents, her
 toilet-work was done,

Her charms a livelier flush had gained for
 tear-drop and for frown,
 And over her dark tresses gleamed the
 topaz-circled crown.
 A consciousness of being loved gives mas-
 tery over fears,
 And she in this proud consciousness befor
 her lord appears,
 A flash of light, a radiant dream, he see
 in wonderment
 The peerless form of Noor Mahil in hi
 imprisonment.

There sat Mohabet, valiant chief, whose
 own good sword had won
 The fights which quelled the hosts of the
 Emperor's rebel son,
 Too soon Jehangire's ire against his trusty
 servant rose "
 For many slandered his fair name and many
 were his foes,
 But he who threatened gyves and wrack
 himself a prisoner made
 Was kept in noble luxury, was honored
 and obeyed,
 Rich viands, music, jets and flowers with
 a palace grand,

The Rajput guards were all around, none
braver in the land.

"Is it a crime my lord, my king, to love
alas ! to well,
To wield the golden rod with power when
from your hand it fell,
Is it a crime my lord, my king, for thee
to God to moan
To wish to see thee once again upon
thy father's throne,
Is it a crime my lord, my king, for
woman's soul to rise
With the arrow deep infixt like an eagle
to the skies ?
If these be crimes then nevermore your
love again I claim
Then mine be all the punishment for mine
is all the blame.

But ah ! if duty urged me on, and nerved
this feeble hand
To guide the war-horse in the fray or wield
the flashing brand,
Then all I've thought and all I've done
my lord will sure approve,
The headsman's stroke must need revoke
and love with greater love,

The guards are peering all around as here
 I weeping stand
 A queen and yet a culprit for whate'er
 you may command,
 Speak but the word and fearless to the pri-
 son-cell I go,
 What cares this wretched miscreant for
 me and for my woe!"

Mohabet smiled, he knew her crimes, but
 yet he saw it plain
 That he that signed the writ to slay, himself
 in truth was slain;
 He waved his hand, the guards dispersed,
 and then he left the scene,
 So beauty and valor triumphed for she of
 both was queen :—
 A lovelier form than Noor Mahil's ne'er sat
 on India's throne,
 A prouder heart than Noor Mahil's in wo-
 man ne'er was known,
 In palace-hall a shining light, in camp a
 flaming star,
 All eyes were turned to Noor Mahil alike
 in peace and war.

Lodi.

(*From Indian History.*)

They galloped, mad-gallop, o'er field, through
wood,

Their garments besmeared with their loved ones'
blood

It was night and the stars above were few,
Cloud-flakes hung dark while the moon struggl-
ed through,

The wind it sounded a sad requiem-swell,
To the loved and lost a mournful farewell,
The striped hyena in wonderment stood,
They galloped, mad-gallop, o'er field, through
wood.

Behind them was heard the pursuers' cry, .
The Chumbul before hung foam-froths on high,
The broad stream had swollen by months of rain,
It tossed, it groaned, like a Triton in pain,
On either side of the turreted bank
Like tresses dishevelled hung osiers dank,
And far in front, forms looming and strange,
Rose the mountain-heights of the Vindya range.

Near a rocky gorge over-grown with reeds
They halted and turned their swift-flying steeds,

They halted and turned, the gallant men three,
 Lodi the brave and the sons of Lodi,
 Their brows were most sad, their followers were
 few,

But faithful and tried and of mettle true,
 All silently by that stern, silent rock,
 They stood for the approaching army's shock.

Now in the east there are glimmerings of light,
 The foe rushes on with their sabres bright,
 They charge, but fall back, for the desperate men
 Are hacking a hundred while they hack ten,
 "Fly father" says Azmut "'mid the wild jar
 What boots it to fight this unequal war?
Fly thou, save thy life, plunge into yon stream;
Leave us to die here as soldiers beseem."

With a tear in his eye, whirling his brand
 Lodi clears at a bound the strip of land,
 The stream bears up deftly rider and horse
 (Though writhing and tossing in all its force),
 Who with his ears pricked out and startling
 neigh,
 His neck, crop, and mane, all white with the spray,
 The opposite bank of the Chumbul gains,
 And his master once more gives loose to the
 reins.

He quits his own Malwa's eastern confines
 And is galloping o'er the diamond mines

Of Bundela far-famed, where temples fair
 Lift golden cupolas into the air,
 Stops there a while but soon leaves them behind
 And gallops as gallops the moaning wind,
 The good steed unflagging his master brings
 To the tombs of Golconda's line of kings.

He was noble and brave, as hero should be,
 Nor fawned on the great, true-hearted Lodi ;
 Sternly defying the Emperor's wrath,
 He brake his high plans and crossed his proud
 path,

Sorrows he conquered, great perils he past ;
 And fell on the field of battle at last.
 The whizzing hot ball through his target ran;
 He fell and his guard was cut down to a man.

So ended the days of those sons of the free,
 Lodi the brave and the men of Lodi.

The Taj.

(*From Indian History.*)

Where should beauty sleep but in a palace
Gem-enchased and vast ! Bring the wealth
of Ind
And build me such an one and on its walls
Inscribe in golden characters, the faith,
Raise a white dome and lofty minarets
And steadfast let the crescent-pointed spire
Point up to heaven. Form a large rotunda
Of marble, and enclose the central spot
With screen of trelliswork in marble whereon
May flowers of every hue perennial bloom,
Not those which bud, expand, and fade away,
But worked mosaic with gems and precious
stones,
Cornelian, agate, lapis-lazuli,
And others that lie hid in mine or sea.
So construct the dome that voice of anger
Or unhallowed merriment shall call up
Loud chiding echoes from its sounding depths
But whispered words of love shall be prolonge
Like far-heard anthems sung by angel-choirs
All around, a garden in which cypresses

Should shade the walks and yet the ground
 be starred

With blossoms, and from blossom-spangled glades
The bulbul chant love-ditties to the rose.

And in that spacious garden, here and there,
Set crystal vases gleaming white and fed
By fountain jets, grove and bending sky
Glassing themselves in a pellucid tank.

Nor should be wanting other trees which yield
Refreshment to the weary traveller,—

The mango, citron, orange, plum, and peach
Whose juices nectarine serve to allay
E'en fever-thirst and life and joy impart.

From age to age the palace and the grounds
Will form mementos of enduring love,

Such love as has been mine and now I feel,
Such love as Mejnoun to his Leilie bore
Or Khusroo to the beautiful Sheri,

Such love alone is registered in heaven.

Stranger! whoc'er thou art whose footsteps roam
Within the precincts of this monument

Be mindful of its sombre sanctity,

Nor with rude jest nor with unthinking laugh
Its silence break, nor with the spoiler's hand
Displace the gems, but pause and meditate
On heavenly love and her who is in heaven.

Aurungzebe at his Father's bier.

(*From Indian History.*)

The monarch lay upon his bier,
Censers were burning low,
As through the lofty arches streamed
The setting sun's red glow.
Still grasped he in his hand the blade
Which well-fought fields had won,
And Aurungzebe beside him knelt,
Usurper proud and son !

Remorse had stricken his false heart
And quenched his wonted fire,
With gloomy brow and look intent
He gazed upon his sire :
Can tyrant death make *him* afraid ?
Hot tears burst from his eyes
As thus his grief found vent in words
To the warrior-train's surprise.

" Father, thou wert the goodliest king
That e'er the sceptre swayed,
How could I then lift up my arm
Against thee undismayed,

How could I send thee here to pine
 Usurp the peacock-throne,*

O had I perished in the womb
 That deed were left undone.

See, all is changed that was estranged,

Awake my sire, my king,

See, soldiers in their war array
 Thy son in fetters bring !

Thy rebel son who will abide

Thy word whate'er it be,

And fearless meet the wrack or steel,
 Rise up once more and see !

Thou wilt not hear—thou wilt not speak,
 It is the last long sleep.—

And am I not a king myself ?

What means these stirrings deep ?

O foolish eyes, what means this rheum ?

I will not call them tears ;

My heart which nothing e'er could daunt
 Is faint with boding fears.

The past appears ! a checkered field

Of guilt and shame and war,

What evil influence ruled my birth

What swart malignant star ?

* Constructed by Sha Jehan. It took its name from its resemblance to a peacock with his tail spread.

Why did I barter peace of mind
For royal pomp and state ?
Mad for the baleful meteor's gleam,
With worldly joys elate.

Remembered voices speak my name
And call me parricide,
The murdered Dara beckons me—
He was thy joy and pride :
And thus I fling the dear-bought crown,
But whither can I fly ?
The awful thought still follows me
That even kings will die" !

The Capture of Torna.

(*From Indian History.*)

Through the keen March air its sounding way
The blast of a horn is winging,
While there and here gleam shield and spear
And bridle-bits are ringing.

In that mountain glen live gallant men
Who own nor king nor law,
At their chieftain's nod they bend their bows
And eke their swords they draw.

This morn in Torna's wooded vales
The gathering-call sounds long,
And Torna beetles on the crag
With towers and turrets strong.

The jocund sunbeams sportively
Advancing, leaping fast,
Kindles on them light which seemeth
A conflagration vast.

Those gallant men, but ten times ten,
Resolved to do or die,
Have pledged to take ere close of day
That fortress strong and high.

(Nor lacked they due encouragement,
 Their heaven-sent leader gave
 To each a talisman of power,
 Thus braver waxed the brave.)

'Marked ye' said he 'the fiery glow
 Around its white stone-towers
 The gods are ready to help us
 To-day the place is ours.

The gods are good, no human blood
 In this our raid shall flow,
 One dash and cheer—all shall be clear,
 We soon shall find it so'.

In light and shade the band arrayed,
 Thrice draw the tough bow-strings,
 Three hundred arrows cloud the air
 And Torna's brass gato rings.

Then 'galloping with bristling spears
 They rush to gain the height,
 A shout from the stern leader bursts
 'See, see, again that light' !

And though on Torna's highest tower
 His purple flag is flying,
 No blood its court with marble laid,
 Or outward slopes is dyeing.

The killidar for his life now sued
And owned the forest-lord
As victor, and at once laid down
His turban and his sword.

Within the fortress' vaults were found
Bright gold, and many a gem
Which served in coming time to grace
Sivajee's diadem.

And Neera's flood that through the wood
Ran singing, and each tree
Moved by the breeze, did celebrate
This bloodless victory.

Domestic Idylls, &c.

Inseen Visitants.

Are they not all ministering spirits?

1 *Hebrews* 5 (14)

When musing sadly on the steadfast past
I sit all lonely at the hush of even,
To greet me then with each inconstant blast
Come unseen visitants from God's own heaven.

In sober silence doth my spirit hold
Communion with those viewless forms of air,
The young and beautiful, the gay and bold,
The loved I know full well, all are there.

It is not fancy—for can fancy give
The holy calm that settles on my breast?
The world of turmoil in which here we live
Is not far distant from the world of rest.

The soul encased in this gross body's prison
Longs, and yet fears, to join that happy band,
Though strong of faith in "Christ the Lord
arisen"

It shrinks instinctive from the spirit-land.

Nor are the lessons which those angels bring
Useless in balancing life's wild career,

Strong in each duty—meek in suffering,
 To be what they have been—are whispered
 clear.

But there is one in that blest company
 Whose silent language throws a deeper charm
 O'er all my senses, and who seems to be
 My special guardian set to save from harm.

"Say—radiant spirit—where is thy bright
 home?
 And what in heaven thou lovest now to do?
 That flowing robe whiter than white sea-foam,
 That crown with gems like sun-tipped drops of
 dew,

Whence are they thine? for while thou wast
 here
 The partner of my joys, in humbleness
 Thou spentst thy days"—I heard her voice, so
 dear
 "Do thou the same and God will surely bless."

To my boy 10 years old fond of
building baby-houses reading
the Bible.

Pray and study—plan and work
Thou little Bezaleel !
Life's morning is the time to put
Thy shoulder to the wheel.

Carve the timber, cut the stone,
And work in brass and gold,
And let the decorations be
Devised in fairest mould.

Search and find within thy soul
What unwrought riches lie ;
Love, joy, and precious truthfulness,
A hidden treasury.

Search and find within that Book
What gems divine whose ray
A lamp unto thy feet will be
And lighten all thy way.

Daily, hourly, toil abroad,
The heart has wide domains,

Waiting culture, flag not, fear not,
Though there be droughts and rains.

Build a palace beautiful
Enchased below, above,
That when the Master-worker comes
He may thy work approve!

Fancy Pigeons.

Small wooden houses set in row
All painted white and green,
For fairies or for dapper elves ?
Or some proud elfin-queen ?
A Lilliputian neighbourhood !
.Full of the sounds of life,
Of feasting and of love-making,
And of vain-glorious strife.

Who are the denizens ?—I see :
Most fairy-like are they,
With mottled breasts and wings of blue,
And necks so glossy-gay,
There's Lady Fantail, high-born dame,
With Dragoons at the gate,
And Tumblers to mount up and vault
Her queenly beck await.

One Trumpeter, a swarthy Moor,
The lists is pacing proud,
Ran ta ra ra ran ta ro,
He sounds his trumpet loud.
A Horseman with his spear in rest
Darts at him in full speed,

Mark, how they grapple, tug, and strain,
 Mark, how the warriors bleed.

Bald-pates and Beards in council sit
 With Owls and Helmets, long,
 To regulate the common-wealth,
 And judge of right and wrong.
 Cases of tort (as lawyers say)
 Come up most rapidly,
 Assaults, abductions, and such-like,
 But none of bigamy.

Miss Barb with scarlet-circled eyes
 Is now so deeply in
 With dandy Turbit and his frill,
 To hold back would be sin,
 The Carricer to invite the priest
 Is flying from the bin,
 But ah! must all the truth be told
 About this Capuchin?

Not far from his own home there lived
 A pensive pearl-eyed Nun,
 A heart which many tried to win
 But no one yet had won.
 Last evening about sunset time
 I saw with mine own eyes
 The wicked monk leer 'neath his cowl
 And win her by surprise!

Those Cinnamon Trees.

Those Cinnamon trees ! those Cinnamon trees
Fondly I love those Cinnamon trees,
With their ovate leaves and silky flowers
Turning to fragrance the dripping showers
From every slender and bark-bound stem,
O how I love to muse under them !

Cassia or Balm of Gilead Fir
Can never my soul with such feelings stir
As when while sinks the sun's broad zone
I walk in the Cinnamon-grove alone ;
Thoughts lovely come with the rising breeze,
And I love the more those Cinnamon trees.

Once they belonged to that forest of gold
In which Sita, the peerless, sorrowed of old,
Transplanted with care o'er inland and sea
They graced the borders of famed Araby,
In Yemen the happy, they sturdily grew,
Feet washed by sea-waves and tops by dew.

But ah ! I confess it is not for these
That I so love those Cinnamon trees
That at morning and noon and close of day
With them so often I speak and play,

Now guess, dear friend, what may it be,
That hath so endeared the trees to me.

One sultry noon with mind tempest-tost
Thinking that all I had won was lost,
For solace O Trees ! I came to you
Listened, and heard the ring-dove's coo,
Then all my doubts were put to shame
On the odorous bark I saw my name.

Those Cinnamon trees ! those Cinnamon trees !
Fondly I love those Cinnamon trees
With their ovate leaves and silky flowers
Turning to fragrance the dripping showers
From every slender and bark-bound stem,
O how I love to muse under them !

Sonnet.

INDIA.

O yes ! I love thee with a boundless love
Land of my birth ! and while I lisp thy name,
Burns in my soul 'an *Aetna* of pure flame'
Which none can quench—nor aught on earth re-
move.

Back from the shrouded past, as with a spell,
Thy days of glory memory recalls,
And castles rise, and towers, and flanking walls,
And soldiers live—for thee dear land who fell ;
But as from dreams of bliss men wake to mourn
So mourn I when that vision is no more,
And in poor lays thy widowed fate deplore,
Thy trophies gone—thy beauteous laurels torn,
But Time shall yet be mocked ;—though these
decay

I see broad streaks of a still brighter day.

Sonnet.

AN INDIAN MORNING.

The clouds at night their darksome ranks advanced,
And rains descended in continuous floods
O'er my lone bower and o'er the encircling woods,
As through the air the fitful lightning glanced,
But genial sunshine gilds anew the sky,
The stately trees are bathed in golden light,
All nature laughs with transports of delight,
All nature joins in one glad symphony ;
At such an hour 'tis ecstasy to stand
On some green upland, and from thence to view
The far-off mountains mingling with the blue,
• And all that God has lavished on the land,
To kneel upon the flower-besprinkled sod,
To kneel and lift our suppliant souls to God.

Sonnet.

GANGOUTRI.

' Mid frowning rocks with wild shrubs overgrown
The river hath its passage found ; lo ! now
It comes, fierce foaming, as 'twould drown
At once all substance in its track. Below
A bristly front the shattered crags present,
A bristly front the stunted trees display,
That meet with pride supreme the sheer descent
Of foaming waters ! The resplendent ray
Of morning gilds the sky, and as the breeze
Scatters in diamond-showers the living spray
Around the ruined stones and leafless trees,
A rainbow crowns the air ! A moment stay,
My friend, and mark, the torrent chafes along
Fretting and whitening as it sings its song.

Sonnet.

DEJECTION.

No more the happy hours that I have spent,
With lingering radiance cheer my onward way,
But mists obscure and clouds in thick array
With louring aspect o'er life's vale are bent ;
No joys are mine ; and Hopes fair, blessed beams
Glimmer uncertain through the dreary night,
All, all is shaded now that erst was bright,
And life appears a dark and turbid stream..
Almighty Lord ! stretch forth thy hand of power
Relieve me from these fears and tortures dire,
And may my soul reflect the Spirit's fire,
When pleased or sad, in every mood and hour,
May my life's waves while dimpling all the way,
Be pure and tranquil, harmless in their play.

Aerostics.

Crown him with the flowers that blow
On lucid Ouse's verdant side,
With leafy garlands bind his brow
Prepared by Naiad's of its tide,
Ever may that circlet beam
Rays like heaven's purpureal gleam.

Burning thought and burning word
Yield true mastery to thee,
Roving like a mountain-bird
Over classic land and sea ;
Never here thy mate shall be.

To my Children.

Children ! there's a better glass
Than that in which you see the face
Every morning when you rise,
Can you tell me where it lies ?
It lies where the green alders grow,
A mirror true for all who go,
Of large dimensions, silver-bright,
And gleaming in the sun's pure light.

Children ! there are better flowers
Than in those dresses prized of your's,
Those trickt flounces, and that plume,
Beside them placed, poor looks assume,
Roses, kingcups, blue-bells, daisies,
Nature whom the poet praises,
Has such embroidered satins rare
With them your garbs hold no compare.

Children ! there is better food
To be found in heath and wood
Than what is on the table set
Before you, cream or omelet.
The mountain breeze the fresh, the free,
That wanders over earth and sea

Is it not sweeter than this wine ?
Is it not food and drink divine ?

Children ! there's a better home,
Not made of bricks or painted loam,
Not decked with pictures on the wall,
That shall never crumbling fall,
A home, beyond the azure skies,
Of many mansions, there to rise
Should be our aim, yes, there above,
We shall know our Father's love.

Roses.

Roses ! Roses ! Roses !
Falling as I stand
From the bowers of Eden
From the spirit-land !

Roses in my garden
Shedding soft perfume,
Roses in my vases
In the blush of bloom.

Roses on thy dark locks
And thy garment's hem,
On thy breast a rose-bud
Just pluckt from its stem.

All around me roses,
Roses large and small,
Roses upon canvas,
Hanging on the wall.

Roses on the carpet,
Roses on the screen,
Those are glowing proudly,
These 'mid leaves of green.

Prattling human roses
With their dew-lit eyes
Smiling, playing, hiding
For some gay surprize.

Ever thus may roses
Lighten my life's gloom,
And in radiant colors
Burst upon my tomb.

Lines.

Fair stream ! upon whose flower-enamelled side
Listless at eve I love alone to lie,
Whose placid bosom mirrors tree and sky,
I'll sing of thee—thou art the landscape's pride !
Now 'neath o'er-arching boughs thy waters glide,
Now brightly laughing 'neath Apollo's eye,
Wild and impatient as the winds blow high.
And more than calm when softly they subside.
Well hath the poet said O sparkling river,
'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever' !

Ruins.

Is this the spot where monarchs proud
Erst held their regal sway,
And suppliant courtiers thronged around
Their biddings to obey ?
Are these the relics of the hall
Where beauteous damsels sung,
Whose fretted roof and tapest'ried wall
With peals of music rung ?

The portals from which issued once
A hundred men abreast,
(With glittering spear and bended bow,
And shield and waving crest)
With trees and wild shrubs over-grown
In smoky ruins lie,
And view their image in the stream
That murmurs plaintively.

Tho' owlet from the rifted tower
Sends forth a boding scream,
The bat now wings his heavy flight
Beneath the moon's pale beam.
The raven rocks her callow young
Upon her downy breast,

The spider in the dreary nook
Weaves out her filmy nest.

Tho' years roll on, yet in their strength
The rock-ribbed mountains stay,
And as it rolled at dawn of time
So rolls the sea to-day.
But man and all his mighty works
Are doomed to death alone,
Then wherefore lose the precious hours
We yet may call our own ?

Mucius Scaevola.

'With dauntless heart and haughty mien
Before the throne he stood,
He cared not that his sword had failed
To drink the invader's blood.

His arms with fetters strong were bound,
And steel-clad warriors thronged around
To see the patriot die,
The altar's light gleamed on their mail,
Their snow-plumes danced upon the gale,
Their locks were bold and high.

And slowly now the slaves unloosed
The garments he did wear,
And all were mute, when o'er his brow
They saw no sign of fear,
Fierce frowned the monarch in his rage,
And thus addressed the liveried page
Who knelt beside his seat,
"Remove the block and sharpened steel,
The youth a torment dire must feel
And death in flames must meet."

Unmoved he heard the sentence dread,
Unmoved he marked his ire,

And instantly his sinewy hand

He held forth to the fire.

No sound of fear his lips betrayed,—

“Three hundred youths like me,” he said,

“Will draw the glittering brand,

Fierce Tyrant! to destroy thy life

To stop the ills of war and strife

And guard their native land !”

“Go !” said the monarch—“Free him slaves,

I give him liberty.

So true a soul I never saw

Nor e'er again shall see.”

The shackles fell—and once again

Brave Mucius trod the flowering plain

Through which fair brooklets run,

And Rome her portals opened wide

To welcome back her joy—her pride,

Her tried and gallant one !

Night.

O'er the brown and parchèd land
Night stretches forth her ebon wand,
Countless orbs their beams have lent
To light the azure firmament,
While with a steady ray from far
Bright burns the lovely polar star.

The crescent of Diana shines
Faintly through the hoary pines,
While the long shadows which they make,
Gleam dark athwart the placid lake,
Startling the elves that shun the bay,
But nightly o'er the waters play.

And all is hushed—no other sound
Disturbs the holy calm profound,
Save what the green sea-billows make,
While bursting winds are all awake,
Sleep, silent earth ! while thus to thee
Old ocean sings her lullaby.

The two books.

(*Vide Perrin's Fables.*)

Two books each by the other stood
Upon a book-case of teak-wood,
One gilt and bound in green and gold
The other was worm-eaten, old,
“I cannot,” the gay volume brags,
“Bear amity to one in rags,
A finished gentleman like me
Should be in better company.
Where on this earth does beau or belle
Side by side with the vulgar dwell?
Away Old Book, thou’rt so unclean,
I like not friendship with the mean.”

Next day to the bookseller’s stall
A student came, glanced over all
The well-filled case, then as he pried,
The loving neighbours soon espied,
Took down the volume that was old,
Read, admired and bought it with gold.
The other now engaged his mind
But nothing in it could he find
Worth reading, and the knowing elf
At once replaced it on the shelf,

Saying "the binder all his pain
Hath spent upon this trash in vain."

Moral.

It is in quality of mind
That true nobility we find,
Your 'pink of fashion' oft may be
The very dred of infamy.

In my daughter's Album.

ON TO HEAVEN.

(*From the German.*)

On to Heaven on to Heaven
Shall thy footsteps haste :
There alone the bliss is given
Pilgrims long to taste ;
Earth bide thee sigh :
Joy and grief alternate here ;
There where glory shineth clear
Fix full thine eye !

NOTE.—The above is from the pen of my esteemed and learned friend Dr. Murray Mitchell of the Free Church of Scotland Mission.

Child's Morning Hymn.

Sweet as from each flower-cup
The incense riseth up
In this hour of morning,
Sweet be my thoughts of Thee.

Bright as the sun now shines
And clouds with amber lines
On his triumphant wake,
Bright be my thoughts of Thee.

Loud as the songbirds' chaunt
From cage and bushy haunt,
Pouring their hymns of praise,
Loud be my thoughts of Thee.

To Thee I consecrate
Once more myself, and wait
To know Thy blessed will,
My Father and my God !

Child's Evening Hymn.

Yes, all the sun-lit hours have flown,
All my appointed work is done,
And here alone I kneel and pray,
As twilight ends another day,
Oh ! Father listen to the cry
Of weak and trusting Infancy.

Thine is the bending arch of blue,
The earth and all its treasures too,
Its trees, its flower, its light, its air,
Thy love is scattered everywhere,
Where'er I turn my eyes I see
The impress of Divinity.

The birds, that far for food did roam,
Now hasten to their wood-land home,
The bee that all day long did strive
To gather honey,—seeks the hive,
And like the wing'd bird and bee,
My weary soul seeks rest in Thee.

Lord ! make me loving, gentle, mild
As Jesus thy beloved child,
Keep me, when night deep slumber brings
Under the shadow of Thy wings,
So shall I in thy love rejoice
And praise Thee with my heart and voice.

Hymns.

I

What though my crimes in order stand
As countless as the ocean-sand,
What though the leprosy is seen
On tongue and lips and hands and mien ;
Though all is dark and vile within
Doubt and despair and deadly sin,
In that great day—this is my plea
That Thou O Lord hast died for me !

Not what I can or cannot do
Will aught avail, O Tried and True !
For long before this fleeting breath
Was called to being, by Thy death
Heaven had been won, the ransom paid.
For sin a full atonement made ;
What though the vilest vile I be
Is not Thy *finished work* my plea ?

Clothed in that robe, at Thy right hand,
Redeemed by Thee, Thine own shall stand
On earth the great white throne be spread,
And all the graves give up their dead,
The awful book be opened wide,
The Son of Man shall then decide,
And He shall rule—blest be His name !
With two-edged sword and eyes of flame.

No fountain issuing from the rock can purer water give

Than that which comes from Thee, my Lord, which let me drink and live.

The fountain runs 'neath shade and sun and dark or bright may be,

But Thou remainest same alway, there is no change in Thee.

"My soul panteth after God as the hart for water-brook"

In faith sang Judah's warrior-king, in faith for Thee did look.

And when on earth Thou walk'lst 'mong men, -- from bondage to set free,

To every fainting soul there came,—Thy thrice-blessed "Come to Me."

And once again when from God's throne the crystal stream shall flow,

And the famed city like a bride in all its beauty glow,

Then louder than the golden harps in that our long lost home,

The Spirit and the bride shall say,—to all athirst—"O Come!"

Thy own blest lips revealed the truth
Jehovah ! Lord ! I AM,
Oh ! greater far than all earth-born,
The God of Abraham.

Let others bring as sacrifice
The blood of bull and ram,
No sacrifice but Thine for us
O God of Abraham !

Let India boast her thousand gods *
Her Kali, Shib and Ram
But we shall worship only Thee
Thou God of Abraham.

From pole to pole from sun to sun
Shall spread Thy glorious name,
Till all in earth as heaven adore
The God of Abraham.

Oh wondrous love ! oh wondrous power !

To feel Thy presence from this hour ;
Siloam's stream—where is it now ?

We know not—but we know that Thou
Art God and Love, to Thee we pray,
Thy blood can cleanse all sins away.

Blind from my birth—aye, doubly blind !

To Thee I come my way to find,
Thou art the Way the Truth the Light

Oh ! cleanse my soul—oh heal my sight ;
That from all other gods set free
I may *in spirit* worship Thee !

Xmas.

Around the green-stemmed Christmas tree,
Bright, pendulous with fruits and flowers,
We'll celebrate the Saviour's birth,
And thus enjoy the precious hours.

The taper-lights and glistening balls
Shall shine like the pure stars above,
And as the Angels sing in heaven,
We too shall sing "we love, we love."

We'll sing and pray that this fair tree,
Meet emblem of the tree of life,
May scatter blessings far and near,
Renew all hearts and heal all strife.

Exotic blest ! deep may thy stem
Strike root in every heathen sod,
Till turning from their idols dumb
All peoples know to worship God.

Note to Poems Nos. 1, 2, 3 & 4.

THE first three poems are from the Rámáyana, and the fourth, with the exception of the introductory lines, may be said to be a translation of a passage of the Raghu Vansa.

The legends of the Rámáyana have been more ably dealt with in prose by a lady than I can ever hope to do in verse, I mean by Frederika Richardson in her "Iliad of the East." Her book is worth its weight in gold. Mr. Talboys Wheeler who gives an epitome of the Máhábharata and Rámáyana in not less than 1,256 pages of two big volumes sufficient to dismay any ordinary scholar thus observes :—

"The history of India, properly so called, is to be found in the two voluminous Epics known as the Mahá Bhárata, or "Great War of Bhárata," and the Rámáyana, or "Adventures of Ráma." These extraordinary poems comprise the whole of what remains of the political, social, and religious history of India, and may be regarded as the reflex of the Hindú world. But at the same time they are of such an interminable length, and exhibit such a complicated intertwining of traditions and fables, referring to widely different periods, races, and religions, that the student is frequently lost in a literary jungle. It is certain, however, that a familiarity with these two poems is as indispensable to

a knowledge of the Hindús, as a familiarity with the Old Testament is indispensable to a knowledge of the Jews. They form the great national treasures out of which the bards have borrowed the stories of their ballads, the eulogists and genealogists have taken the materials for their so-called histories, and the later Bráhmans have drawn the subject-matter of their religious discourses and the groundwork of their moral teaching ; whilst nearly every plot in a Hindú drama, or sculptured group in a Hindú pagoda, refers to some character or scene belonging to one or other of these famous poems. Few Hindús may perhaps be acquainted with the whole of these Epics, and none have ventured to subject them to a critical analysis and investigation ; yet their influence upon the masses of the people is beyond calculation, and infinitely greater and more universal than the influence of the Bible upon modern Europe. The leading incidents and scenes are familiar to the Hindús from their childhood. They are frequently represented at village festivals, whilst the stories are chaunted aloud at almost every social gathering ; and indeed form the leading topic of conversation amongst Hindús generally, and especially amongst those who have passed the meridian of life. In a word, these poems are to the Hindús all that the Library, the New paper, and the Bible are to the European ; [Ah ! Mr. Talboys Wheeler, Mr. Talboys Wheeler, is this your estimate of the Book of books ?] whilst the books themselves are regarded

with a superstitious reverence, which far exceeds that which has ever been accorded to any other revelation, real or supposed. To this day it is the common belief that to peruse or merely to listen to the perusal of the Mâha Bhârata or Râmâyana, will ensure prosperity in this world, and eternal happiness hereafter; will give wealth to those who are poor, and children to the woman who is barren. At the same time they are cherished by the Hindûs as national property, belonging to the national soil, and containing the records of the deeds of their fore-fathers in the days when the gods held frequent communion with the children of men."

Note to Poem No. 5.

"The superior skill of the Pândavas, displayed at this public contest, excited all the malevolence of their cousins, and they endeavoured to destroy them by setting fire to their house; but the Pândavas, warned of their intention, escaped by an underground passage to the woods. Whilst living there disguised as mendicant Brâhmans, they were induced to join a number of other Brâhmans on their way to a *Swayamvara*, or public choice of a husband by a beautiful maiden named Draupadî, daughter of Drupada, king of Panchala. An immense concourse of princely suitors, with their retainers, came to the ceremony; and king Drupada (who was an old schoolfellow of the Brâhman Drona, but had offended him by repudiating his friendship in later years) eagerly looked for Arjuna amongst

them, that, strengthened by that hero's alliance, he might defy Drona's anger. He therefore prepared an enormous bow, which he was persuaded none but Arjuna could bend, and proposed a trial of strength promising to give his daughter to any one who could by means of this bow shoot five arrows simultaneously through a revolving ring into a target beyond. An amphitheatre was erected outside the town, surrounded by tiers of lofty seats and raised platforms, with variegated awnings. Magnificent palaces, crowded with eager spectators, overlooked the scene. Actors, conjurors, athletes, and dancers exhibited their skill before the multitude. Strains of exquisite music floated in the air. Drums and trumpets sounded. When expectation was at its height, Draupadî in gorgeous apparel entered the arena, and the bow was brought. The hundred sons of Dhritarâshtra strain every nerve to bend the ponderous weapon, but without effect. Its recoil dashes them breathless to the ground, and makes them the laughing-stock of the crowd. Arjuna now advances, disguised as a Brâhmaṇ, (Adi-parva, 7049.)

A moment motionless he stood and scanned
The bow, collecting all his energy.

Next walking round in homage, breathed a prayer
To the Supreme bestower of good gifts;
Then fixing all his mind on Draupadî
He grasped the ponderous weapon in his hand,
And with one vigorous effort braced the string.
Quickly the shafts were aimed; they flew—

The mark fell pierc'd ; a shout of victory
 Rang through the vast arena ; from the sky
 Garlands of flowers crowned the hero's head,
 Ten thousand fluttering scarfs waved in the air,
 And drum and trumpet sounded forth his triumph.

I need not suggest the parallel which will at once be drawn by the classical scholar, between this trial of archery and a similar scene in the *Odyssey*.

When the suitors find themselves outdone by a mere stripling in the coarse dress of a mendicant *Brahman*, their rage knows no bounds. A real battle ensues. The Pándu princes protect Drupada, and enact prodigies. Bhíma tears up a tree, and uses it as a club. Karna at last meets Arjuna in single combat, rushing on him like a young elephant. They overwhelm each other with showers of arrows, which darken the air. But not even Karna can withstand the irresistible onset of the godlike Arjuna, and he and the other suitors retire vanquished from the field,* leaving Draupadí as the bride of Arjuna."

So Monier Williams in his Oxford Lectures, but no allusion is to be found here or in any other scholar I have read to the सौनाक्षः which formed the target.

Note to Poem No. 6.

This is a free translation of a portion of that beautiful little poem of Kálidásá, entitled *Ritu Sanhára*

* They console themselves by declaring that they are defeated not by physical force, but by the divine power of the sacerdotal caste. (I. 712.)

or the Assemblage of the Seasons. Although in Bengal the rainy and the hot weather almost succeed each other in endless rotation (the cold season being exceedingly mild and short-lived), the Indian poet gives us descriptions of no less than six different periods of the year, namely, ग्रीष्म or summer, वर्षा or the rains, शूरत् or autumn, हेमन्त or the cold season, शिशिर or the season of dews, and वसन्त or spring. Almost all these descriptions abound, as Sir W. Jones has justly remarked, with beautiful and faithful sketches from nature, though we must confess, here and there interspersed with passages at which Carew and Sir John Suckling would have blushed. The language of the original is throughout elegant and musical.

Note to Poem No. 7.

Canva's hermitage where dwelt Sacontala and her two companions Anusuya and Pryamvadá is no doubt already familiar to the reader through the celebrated translation by Sir William Jones of Kalidasa's unrivalled drama. But the drama itself is founded on an episode in the Málábhárata and as such comes fully within the range of our subjects.

Note to Poem No. 8.

Of all the varied acts of his romantic life, there was none which, for daring valour, resolution, and consummate ability, could compare with Babur's short but brilliant Indian career. In less than four years, he had not

only founded the dynasty of a great empire, but had recovered most of the ancient possessions of Dehly. He had himself selected a place for his grave, by a sparkling stream, near Kabool, and he was buried there; while to this day the garden around his tomb is a favourite holiday resort of the people of that city. Mr. Elphinstone has recorded an eloquent tribute to the memory of this great man ('History' Book VII.) and quoted from his Memoirs many curious and interesting passages; but the Memoirs themselves are hardly to be estimated from extracts, and should be read in their entirety, as the only means of understanding the great but simple wisdom, habitual generosity, and light-hearted cheerfulness, indomitable bravery and perseverance wit, humour, and refreshing boon-companionship of this most natural and extraordinary monarch.—*Meadows Taylor.*

Note to Poem No. 9.

With many weaknesses, the character of Hoomayoon was yet noble and interesting. With greater firmness he might have preserved his empire against Shére Shah Soor; but in his youth, though personally very brave, he was a bad general, and his adversary was one of the best, India had yet produced. It must be remembered also, that the Moghuls were as yet foreigners in India, and were far from popular. To the Hindoos indeed it might have mattered little whether Moghul or Patán was in

the ascendant; but the native Mahomedans were of the latter party, and had attained under it power and wealth; the Moghuls were hereditary enemies of long standing, and it was only a natural consequence that when the first flush of Babur's conquest was past, the local Mahomedan party should have rallied under a vigorous leader, and thus they may have obtained the sympathy and assistance of the Hindoos. If the first reign of Hoomayoon had been one of rest and peace, it is probable India would have prospered greatly under his mild and tolerant government. As it was, the reigns of Shére Shah and Sulim Shah Soor were exceptions to the Patán or Afghan rule, and left little to be desired as to the well-being of the people; but in Mahomed Shah Soor Adily, the worst features of the Patán domination were resumed, civil war among the members of the family was desolating the country, and the well-timed advance of Hoomayoon was productive of general relief and peace. It is impossible not to sympathise with Hoomayoon in his early misfortunes, in his miserable wanderings in the desert, his struggles in Sinde, and his personal sufferings: nor to follow his variations of fortune at Kabool without interest; and the truthful memoirs of his servant Jouhur, exhibit him in all the conditions of his life as a simple, genial, good-humoured man, inferior in capacity to his great father Babur, but with a deep, fond love for his wife and child, so rare among eastern princes.—*Meadows Taylor.*

The prince Humayoon, by the title of Nasir ul Dien Mahommed, immediately after the death of Babur, mounted the throne of his father, in India. He was a great astronomer, and took much delight in judicial astrology. He fitted up seven houses of entertainment, and named them after the seven planets. In each he gave public audience, according to the ruling planet of the day, ordering all the furniture, paintings, and also the dresses of those who waited upon him, to bear something that was an emblem of the tutelar star of the house. He even endeavoured to suit the people, who came to pay their respects, to the supposed influence of the planet, which presided over the time of their attendance. In the house of the Moon met foreign ambassadors, travellers, and poets. Military men attended him in the house of Brisput,* and judges, lawgivers, and secretaries, were received in that of the Recorder of Heaven.†—*Dow's India.*

Note to Poem No. 10.

The Moghul army had gradually assembled at Nowsháhra, and now advanced upon Dehly. Hémoo, who had assumed the title of Raja Vikram Ajeet, was at Dehly, and marched out his army to Paniput, the old battle-field since the age of the Máhábhárut, and took up his position; but he had already lost his advance guard with its guns, which

* The planet Mars.

† Mercury.

had been captured by Beirám Khan in a skirmish. The action commenced on the morning of November 5, 1556, by Hémoo's advance with his elephants, which he hoped would terrify the Moghul cavalry; but, galled by flights of arrows and javelins, they became furious, and ran back upon their own army, causing vast confusion, of which full advantage was taken. Hémoo himself, mounted upon a huge elephant, and accompanied by 4,000 Patán cavalry, continued the fight in the centre, when he was wounded in the eye by an arrow; and sinking back from the pain, his troops considered he was killed, and fled; but drawing the arrow from his eye he still fought on, and endeavoured to break his way to the rear, till he was surrounded by a body of horse, who conducted him to the emperor, then at a short distance. Here Beiram Khan prayed Akbur to kill the 'infidel captive,' with his own hand, and so become entitled to the proud title of 'Ghazy' or Champion of the Faith. The boy burst into tears; but drawing his sword, touched the head of his captive with it, when Beiram Khan, observing his emotion and natural reluctance to strike, at one blow with his sabre severed the captive's head from his body. Thus perished one who, raised from the lowest ranks of society to be the minister and general-in-chief of a powerful Patán monarchy, had not only conciliated the proud people he had to control, but exhibited a clearness of judgment in military as well as in civil affairs, which had not

only prolonged the existence of his master's kingdom, but had enabled him to contest the empire of India with the bravest and most successful of the Moghul Generals. He was the first Hindoo who had ever risen to distinction among the Mahomedans and the high talent and devotion he had displayed, were worthy of a better fate.—*Meadows Taylor.*

Note to Poem No. 11.

Finding his end approaching, and true to his promises to his son Selim, he assembled the nobles of his court to hear his dying declaration that he was to succeed him. Mr. Elphinstone, from Price's 'Memoirs of Jchángeer,' thus describes the final scene. 'When they were assembled, he (the emperor) made a suitable address to them, and after wistfully regarding them all round, he desired them to forgive any offences of which he might have been guilty towards any of them. Selim now threw himself at his feet, and burst into a passion of tears; but Akbur pointed to his favourite scimitar, and made signs to his son to bind it on in his presence. * * * * * *Meadows Taylor.*

* * I have sent you two or three little books by Post which I hope will reach you safely. One was about the old castles in England, and another about the beautiful old Collects in our Prayer-book, ours, yours and mine; old Collects which were written hundreds of years ago; and thinking of this, reminds me of a circumstance respecting an Emperor of India

which though it has nothing to do with our Christian prayers, is interesting, as shewing a tolerant spirit which approached towards Christian charity. You will guess, I think, that I must mean the Emperor Akbar, as I suppose he must have been the only Indian Emperor who was ever tolerant. Mr. Cowell lately met with a very curious Persian book, very different to other Persian Books, and two or three weeks ago he began to read it, and what do you think he found it was? A story you will love, as I do. It was the beautiful story of king Nala and Damayanti, which the Emperor Akbar had ordered a friend of his who was a poet to translate into Persian, because the Emperor loved what was beautiful in Sanscrit Literature, and I think there is some hope that the Emperor had begun to search a little into Christianity too, and to care about that. * * *

*M. S. letter from Mrs. Cowell to one of my children—
H. D.*

Note to Poem No. 12.

Jehangire was too well acquainted with his situation to contradict Mohâbet. He owned the justice of the accusation, and he signed the warrant for her death. Being excluded from his presence, her charms had lost their irresistible influence over him; and when his passions did not thwart the natural bias of his mind, he was always just. The dreadful message was delivered to the Sultana. She heard it without emotion. "Imprisoned sovereigns," said she, "lose their right to life with their

freedom ; but permit me for once to see the Emperor, and to bathe with my tears the hand that has fixed the seal to the warrant of death." She was brought before her husband, in the presence of Mohâbet. Her beauty shone with additional lustre through her sorrow. She uttered not one word. Jehangire burst into tears. " Will you not spare this woman, Mohâbet?" said the Emperor ; " you see how she weeps." " The Emperor of the Moguls," replied Mohâbet, " should never ask in vain." The guards retired from her, at a wave of his hand ; and she was restored that instant to her former attendants. — *Dow's India.*

Note to Poem No. 13.

Night, in the mean time, came on ; and he was tormented with various passions. His women were all around him. To leave them to dishonour was intolerable, to remain was death, to remove them by violence, cruelty. He was afflicted beyond measure ; and he burst into tears. His wives saw his grief ; and they retired. They consulted together in an inner apartment. Their resolution was noble, but desperate ; they raised their hands against their own lives. The groans reached the ears of Lodi. He rushed in ; but there was only one taper burning, which, in his haste, he overturned and extinguished. He spoke, but none answered. He searched around, but he plunged his hand in blood. He stood in silence awhile ; and one of his sons having brought a light, discovered to his eyes a scene of inexpressible horror. He said not a word ; but the wildness

of his eyes was expressive of the tempest which rolled in his mind. He made a signal to his two sons, and they buried the unfortunate women in the garden. He hung for some time in silence over their common grave. Then starting at once from a profound reverie, he issued forth in a state of horror and despair. He ordered his drums to be beaten, his trumpets to be sounded. His people gathered around him. They mounted their horses in the court-yard, and he himself at once threw open the gate. He issued out with his two sons; and his followers fell in order into his path. The Imperial troops were astonished and made little resistance. He was heard to exclaim, "I will awaken the tyrant with the sound of my departure, but he shall tremble at my return." He rushed through the city like a whirlwind and took the route of Malava. * * * * *Dow's India*

•.

Note to Poem No. 14.

When one awakens from a vision in which he has visited the palaces of the outer world, and has been in spirit-land amid shapes and emotions which belong not to the material kingdom, he shrouds his feelings and sensations in a joyous, delighted silence, and at most he will say, as he rises with the imagery and music of the faery realm still floating in his brain—"Ah! I have had such a lovely dream!" But if he seeks to fix those form and sounds, if he essays to describe the ever-changing fantasy, or endeavours to analyze the ideas which fill all his being with the subtlest and most delicate pleasure as sweet incense permeates the sacred temple, he will

discover that he is capable of a spiritual enjoyment which is far beyond the reach of physical exposition. "Write me a description of the Taj!" Yes! And if you do, win a triumph which poesy and painting can never earn! "Write a description of the Taj!" As well say, "Write me a description of that lovely dream which flushed the poet's cheek or gently moved the painter's hand as he lay trembling with delight—the Endymion of the glorious Art-Goddess who has revealed herself for a moment and then floated gently away among the moonbeams and the dew-clouds when he springs up to grasp the melting form. Strike the lyre and seize the brush as you may; but never can it be given to poet or painter to sing or limn the finest, grandest, and greatest of his own inspirations! Here is a dream in marble. Here is the Taj—solid, palpable, permanent; but who can, with pen or pencil, convey to him who has not seen it the exquisite delight with which the structure imbues the mind at its first glance—the proportions and the beauty of this strange loveliness which rises up in the Indian waste as some tall palm springs up by the fountain in a barren wilderness! It is wrong to call it a dream in marble; it is a thought—an idea—a conception of tenderness—a sigh, as it were, of eternal devotion and heroic love, caught and imbued with such immortality as the earth can give."—*Russell's Indian Diary.*

Note to Poem No. 15.

The Emperor Shaw Jehān, after an imprisonment of seven years, ten months, and ten days, died at Agra on

the second of February, 1666. The same disorder which had lost to him the empire, was the cause of his death. He languished under it for fifteen days ; and expired in the arms of his daughter Jehanâra, his faithful friend and companion in his confinement. Though Aurungzêbe had kept him with all imaginable caution in the citadel of Agra, he was always treated with distinction, tenderness, and respect. The ensigns of his former dignity remained to him ; he had still his palace, and his garden of pleasure. No diminution had been made in the number of his domestics. He retained all his women, singers, dancers, and servants of every kind. The animals in which he formerly delighted were brought regularly into his presence. He was gratified with the sight of fine horses, wild beasts and birds of prey. But he long continued melancholy ; nothing could make a recompence for his loss of power. He for several years could not bear to hear the name of Aurungzêbe without breaking forth into rage ; and, even till his death, none durst mention his son as Emperor of Hindostan. * * * *

The Emperor, when he first heard of his father's illness, ordered his son Shaw Allum to set out with all expedition to Agra. " You have done no injury," said he, " to my father ; and he may bless you with his dying breath. But as for me, I will not wound him with my presence, lest rage might hasten death before his time." The Prince rode post to Agra ; but Shaw Jehân had expired two days before his arrival. His body was deposited in the tomb of his favourite wife, Mumtâza Zeïpân with funeral solemnities rather decent than magnificent.

When the news of the death of his father was carried to Aurungzébe, he exhibited all the symptoms of unaffected grief. He instantly set off for Agra.

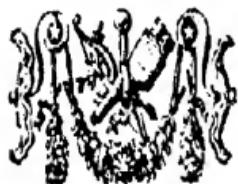
Note to Poem No. 16.

Sivajee was born at Joonair in May 1627 ; and after his father's departure for the Carnatic in 1636, remained with his mother at Poona, under the protection of his father's agent, Dadajee Konedeo, who managed his patron's estates with much skill. Many of them lay among the wild valleys of the western Ghauts ; and as he grew up, Sivajee made friends of the sons of several of the smaller proprietors, who, for the most part, led lawless lives, resisting the Mahomedans, and occasionally plundering the open country. He became skilled in all martial exercises, but would never learn to read or write considering such acquisitions as beneath notice ; and, with his companions, conceived the project of becoming independent of Mahomedan control. In 1646 he obtained possession of the strong hill-fort of Torna.—*Meadows Taylor.*

In the Mawuls were three persons with whom Sivajee constantly associated ; their names were, Yessjee Kunk, Tannajee Maloosray, and Bajee Phasalkur. The last was Deshmookh of Moossay Khora ; the other two had also some hereditary rights among their native hills. These three were the first known adherents, and military followers of Sivajee. Assisted by them, he held communication with the Killidar of Torna, a hill fort exceedingly difficult of access, twenty miles south-west of

Poona, at the source of the Neera river; and by means, the particulars of which are not known, induced him to give over the place. This event happened in the year 1646.*—*Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas.*

* Mahratta MSS.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE DUTT FAMILY ALBUM.

*Post Svo. cloth, gilt edges.—Longman's, London.
Price, Rs. 3-12.*

The following are some Extracts from elaborate notices of the book:

The Authors of this charming collection of Songs and Sonnets are Christian Natives of India, of one family but of different ages and occupations. There is not a line that would indicate that the writers are not English or the English. Dignity of thought, elegance of diction, purity of rhyme, and rhythm are more or less to be found in every poem. We agree with the Messrs. Dutt that bad poetry is intolerable, and mediocre verse perhaps worse, and that there is a good deal too much of both now written; but there is no need to fear that the "Dutt Family Album" will be classed among either the one or the other. The "Dutt Family Album" is a book of Poems of uncommon excellence, and will be read with pleasure by all who relish genuine poetry.—*The Examiner, London.*

A little gem of a volume. Some 200 melodious Songs, Poems, Sonnets, Hymns, smoothly, prettily written; so smoothly in fact, that without the aid of the name "Dutt," and the brief preface, it would not be possible to discover that the volume is an interesting literary curiosity,—English versification by "foreigners—natives of India." We should say a family Album seldom or ever yielded so many pleasing original stanzas and translations.—*The Homeward Mail, London.*

The book is beautifully got up. The binding, with its rich initial letters in blue, gold, and crimson, is quite oriental.—*Westminster Review.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some of the Poems are chiefly remarkable for devotional feeling and facile versification, but many of them are the fruit of considerable poetical culture. Several of the Poems written by the Dutt Family are religious in character. Some are spirited adaptations from French and German Poets; a few are love poems.—*The Pall Mall Gazette, London.*

The book shows that high culture, which would be acknowledged as such in any country in Europe.—*The Mission Field, London.*

The word "Album" would serve to mislead many readers, and deter them from making acquaintance with some very original and striking poetry. A single Sonnet ('The Morning Star') will suffice to show with what easy grace these Natives of India write. Here we have terseness, elegance, and vigor; and the idea of the whole poem is entirely original. We therefore repeat our first words of hearty praise, and say that the "Dutt Family Album" is a volume of rare and curious interest.—*The Evening Standard, London.*

45 Some contributions from the pen of Mr. H. C. Dutt are to be found in this Album.

ADVERTISEMENT

WORKS BY H. C. DUTT.

Already Published.

ENGLISH SERIES.

Short Discourses on Scripture Subjects.

PART I.—PAGES 110, 8vo.

As to style these discourses are amongst the most graceful compositions in the English language ever attempted by any native of India. They would do credit to a highly educated Anglican clergyman brought up in Oxford.—*Bengal Christian Herald*.

We must however confess that we have been somewhat relieved of our embarrassment, and that Mr. Dutt's discourses are not so amicably abusive as we apprehended they might be.—*Indian Catholic Chronicle*.

Short Discourses on Scripture Subjects.

PART II.—PAGES 109, 8vo.

* * * Found that there were noble thoughts in it.—*Friend of India*

A careful perusal of the work before us will shew that there are many passages in it of striking beauty and pathos; passages which lie in such profusion that the reader may mark them off for himself with his pencil as "good" and "very good" as he follows the author in his devout and poetic, and we may almost say his philosophic musings. We should perhaps be marring the beauty of these passages, did we quote them apart from their context, which to do justice to the author by quoting context and all would necessitate our transferring three-fourths of the book into our columns.—*Bengal Christian Herald*.

D. D. D. P. P. E. M. E. N. T.

the J
LOTUS LEAVES

in
Fre.
Papers Chiefly on Ancient Indian Subjects.

To be Published.

THE JURISDICTION OF SCIENCE.

Already Published.

BENGALI SERIES.

The Lord's Prayer Explained and Illustrated
(a book for the young.)

Original Hymns adapted to English and Bengali
Tunes for use in Bengali Christian Con-
gregations and private families.

To be Published.

The Origin of the Christian Church con-
taining a sketch of the life of the
Apostle Paul.

